

I BEGIN TO LIVE WHEN DARKNESS FALLS, SAYS THEDA BARA

BY THEDA BARA

Written Especially for The Day Book

"An' the goblins will git you
If you don't watch out."

A dear little girl who was with me in one of my earlier pictures, came in to my dressing room at the studios one day when I was resting after a trying scene. My eyes were closed.

"Miss Bara, dear, I love you," she exclaimed.

I came to with a start.

Rest between scenes is absolutely essential to me. But this sweet little baby who had escaped all restraining hands to tell me she loved me was so

mother was searching for her. I called to my maid to let her come in. The mother started to lift my little visitor from the couch.

"Tell me," I said "why this child is so frightened when I mention fairies? Has some one threatened her?"

The mother told me the first little poem this child memorized was the famous one about "The Goblins" and that goblins and fairies meant the same to her.

When they had gone I brought



irresistible. I pulled her up on the couch and snuggled her.

"I tell you what let's do," I whispered. "You and I will be very still so no one will know where we are. And, maybe, if we are still enough, little fairies might pop out and take us off to dreamland."

The child was imaginative and high strung. She shrank close to me and her breath came in short convulsive gasps.

There was a sudden, excited scuffling of feet in the hall outside. Her

back to mind the years of my own childhood. In this great universal panic of children, I had never been a participant. The dark held no terrors for me. I loved it. I love it now. I begin to live when the dark falls.

Often before I was fourteen, I would wait until everyone in the house was asleep. Then I would slip from my room into the night.

I felt as though the shadows were bathing me. The dark was a great, soft blanket that caressed me.